

ALL NEW MYSTERY
ADVENTURES

CHARLIE CHAN



10¢

THIS BOMB WILL BE PLACED AT
THE MUSEUM TO GO OFF AT
EXACTLY THREE! YOU'LL
HAVE TEN MINUTES TO
GET US THE MICRO-
FILM!

A CHARLTON PUBLICATION

ALL ACES IN ENEMY
HAND, PERHAPS
ENEMY WILL OVER-
PLAY
SAME!



EARL DERR BIGGERS'
WORLD FAMOUS DETECTIVE

WEB COMIC UNIVERSE.COM





Come on, Buddy, Quit being A BAG-of-BONES Weakling like I was

IN 10 MINUTES OF
FUN A DAY

YOU Can do ALL I did!

I gained 25 Terrific LBS. of **HANDSOME POWER-PACKED MUSCLES** all over!

I improved my **HE-MAN LOOKS 1000%**

I won **NEW STRENGTH** for money-making work!

for WINNING at all SPORTS!

I won **NEW POPULARITY** Won NEW FRIENDS, BOYS & GIRLS

NEW CHANCES for BUSINESS SUCCESS

BEFORE



"I'm PROUD to be seen with Jim NOW! Everybody admires his build," says Nellie. "Jim can lift the front of a 2700 lb. car. He amazes his friends!"

You'll be A Real ATHLETE in ALL SPORTS Soon after YOU mail Coupon.

Jim is a WINNER in ALL SPORTS NOW. YOU will be, too, soon.

How did I do ALL This? I mailed the Coupon and got These **5 PICTURE PACKED HE MAN COURSES**

Which YOU can now get FREE

BEFORE \$1 PRICE GOES BACK Millions Sold for \$1

GET ALL 5 FREE

1

2

3

4

5

He Pal! Win \$100 as I just did!

YOU CAN WIN a BIG 15 SILVER CUP as I just did! with YOUR NAME engraved on it!



JIM NORMAN

AFTER

He Mailed Coupon Below is Cleveland

BEFORE

He Mailed Coupon
90 lb. Skeleton
He says, I gained
70 lbs. of mighty muscle



Mail the "ALL FREE" coupon get this "AMAZING SECRETS" Photo Book

You'll LOOK, FEEL, ACT, like A Real HE-MAN! Win Women and Men Friends. Win in Sports! Win Promotion, Praise, Popularity



This BOOK will also show You HOW YOU CAN WIN \$100.00 and a BIG 15" tall SILVER TROPHY (Your Name On It)

"Congratulations, John! At last you mailed the coupon as **EVERY MAN** should. Soon You'll be as big and strong as I am," says Jim Norman to John Luckus

Develop YOUR 520 MUSCLES Gain Pounds, INCHES FAST!

YES! You'll see INCHES of MIGHTY MUSCLE added to your ARMS and CHEST. Your BACK and SHOULDERS broadened. From head to heels you'll gain SIZE, POWER, SPEED. You'll be a WINNER in EVERYTHING you tackle.

LAST CHANCE - ALL FREE COUPON

1. FIVE COURSES
2. MUSCLE METER
3. Photo Book of STRONG MEN

Dept. CH-61

Tell Me How To WIN \$100, etc.

"Jowett Courses greatest in the world for Building All-Around HE-MAN" - R. F. Kelley Physical Director

JOWETT INSTITUTE OF PHYSICAL TRAINING

220 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK 1, N. Y.

Dear George: Please mail to me FREE Jowett's Photo Book of Strong Men. I am a fan of all 5 HE-MAN Building Courses: 1. How to Build a Mighty Chest. 2. How to Build a Mighty Arm. 3. How to Build a Mighty Grip. 4. How to Build a Mighty Back. 5. How to Build Mighty Legs. Now all in One Volume - "How to become a Mighty HE-MAN". ENCLOSED FIND 10c FOR POSTAGE AND HANDLING (no C.O.D.'s)

NAME _____

AGE _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____

ZONE _____ STATE _____

SAVES you YEARS and DOLLARS!!

Mail Coupon in Time for FREE offer and PRIZES!

CHARLIE CHAN

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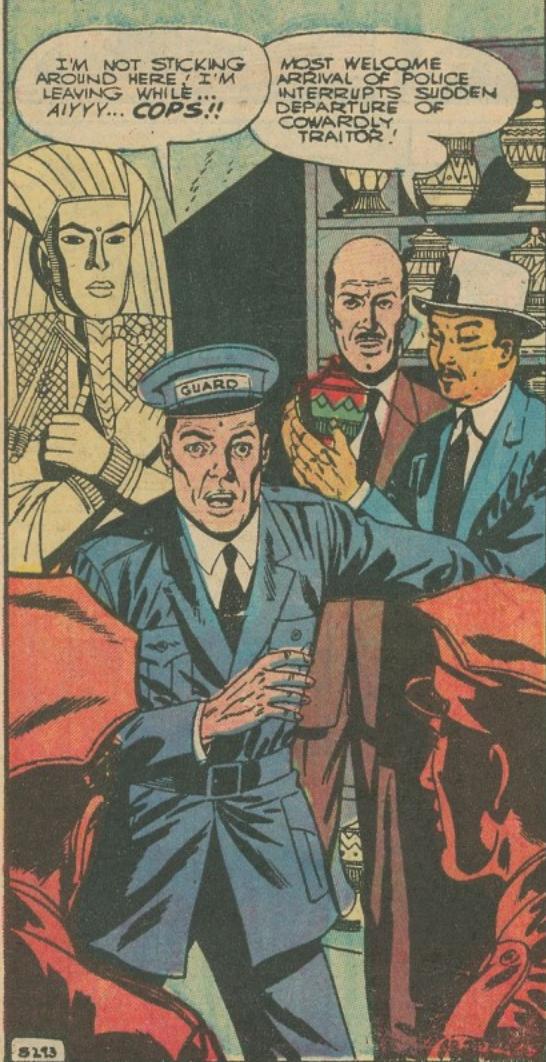
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CHARLIE CHAN



Chinese Proverb Say ...

"WHO WOULD PLAN EVIL DEED
TO SPLIT SECOND MAY FIND
SELF INVOLVED IN
TROUBLESOME TIME"



FRIDAY AFTERNOON, APRIL 22, 1935, THE OFFICE OF DOCTOR FRANK SHELL, DIRECTOR OF THE CITY ART MUSEUM...

THIS HUMBLE PERSON WILL MEET DR. RITTER ABOARD VESSEL, "HOPE", AS HONORABLE DIRECTOR REQUESTS.

THE SHIP DOCKS

AT NINE!
I'LL GIVE YOU A PASS!



NINE A.M., SATURDAY, APRIL 23, 1935...

HAVE PASS ALLOWING THIS LOWLY ONE TO ENTER SHIP. AM VISITING FAMED ARCHEOLOGIST, DR. ARTHUR RITTER!

I HAVE INSTRUCTIONS TO TAKE YOU TO DOCTOR RITTER'S CABIN, SIR. I'VE BEEN EXPECTING YOU!



CHARLIE CHAN

A FEW MINUTES LATER...

CHAN, THE VALUE OF THIS OLD EGYPTIAN CANOPIC JAR IS SO GREAT THAT NOT EVEN DR. SHELL DARES TO TRANSPORT IT HIMSELF! GUARD IT WELL!

SAFEST WAY SIMPLEST! STRAW AND JAR IN INCONSPICUOUS SATCHEL OF HUMBLE CITIZEN!

THAT'S SURE WAS A QUICK JOB, MR. CHAN!

CORRECTION, PLEASE, BIRMINGHAM! JOB NOT YET FINISHED TILL ARTICLE OF VALUE DELIVERED! TO TWIST PHRASE OF OLD COINAGE: "SHORTEST WAY HOME SOMETIMES LONGEST WAY 'ROUND'!"



AS CHARLIE CHAN STEPS TO THE CURB IN FRONT OF THE CITY MUSEUM, ANOTHER CAR STOPS A SHORT DISTANCE AWAY...



I'LL TAKE THAT BAG, MISTER! DON'T TRY TO STOP ME!

WHO ARGUES WITH GUN FINDS QUICK END TO TALK!

CAN YOU GET THAT LICENSE NUMBER, MR. CHAN?

SMOKE SCREEN MOST EFFECTIVE, SINCE THIS HUMBLE ONE HAVE NOT X-RAY EYES!

UNHAPPY TO REPORT LOSS OF VALUED JAR, TAKEN AT GUN-POINT!

WHAT! YOU MEAN YOU LET THE JAR BE TAKEN? WHAT KIND OF A DETECTIVE ARE YOU?



CHARLIE CHAN

BUT FIRST
THIS HUMBLE
ONE TOOK
MICROFILM
FROM FALSE
BOTTOM OF
JAR! PER-
HAPS VALUE
OF JAR
NOW NOT
SO GREAT?

WHEW! YOU'RE
RIGHT! THE
CANOPIC JAR
WAS JUST AN
IMITATION. I
SHOULD HAVE
TOLD YOU ALL,
BUT THOUGHT
IT WAS AN
EXTRA PRE-
CAUTION NOT
TO!

THIS FILM WAS SHOT BY
OUR SECRET AGENTS
IN A FOREIGN COUNTRY!
IT DETAILS AN ENEMY'S
COMPLETE PLANS FOR
THE CONQUEST OF
AMERICA! OUR GOVERN-
MENT DECIDED ON THIS
MEANS OF TRANSFERRING
THE INFORMATION!
DURING THE TRIP, DR.
RITTER NEVER LEFT
HIS STATEROOM!

THE FILM WILL BE KEPT IN
OUR VAULT UNTIL THE
ARMY PICKS IT UP
MONDAY! OUR
ENEMY WILL TRY
TO GET IT.

WILL YOU WATCH
FOR SUSPICIOUS
ACTS UNTIL
THEN?

THIS LOWLY
ONE HONOR-
ED ASK
ONLY TO
HAVE NUMBER
ONE SON'S
HELP!



THE HOURS TICK SLOWLY THROUGH
THE NIGHT. THE MUSEUM STANDS
STARKLY SILENT, LOOKING LONELY
AND DESERTED. OUTSIDE THERE
IS NO SIGN OF ACTIVITY...



BUT INSIDE...

POP! LET'S HURRY...
I'M SURE I SAW
SOMEONE MOVING
AT THE END OF
THAT CORRIDOR!



IT'S NO IMAGINATION, MISTER!
DON'T YELL OUT! WE DON'T
MIND LETTING YOU HAVE IT!
MOVE TOWARD THE SIDE
ENTRANCE!

VOICE NO MATCH
FOR THICK WALL
OF BUILDING!
BREATH LIKE
MONEY. SHOULD
NOT BE WASTED!



DAVY TO THE RESCUE!

GIVEN!

BOYS! GIRLS!
LADIES! MEN!

WE GIVE YOU CASH
OR PREMIUMS!

HEY! TURN THAT
GAL LOOSE!

LET'S GET OUT OF HERE!
THAT DAVY CRICKET IS
ROUGH ON INJUNS!

THANKS FOR SAVING
ME FROM THOSE
BULLIES, DAVY! I WANT
TO SEE MY
CAMP!



GOLLY! I NEVER
SAW SUCH NEAT
THINGS! WHERE'D
YOU GET THEM?
TIME SELLING WHITE
CLOVERINE BRAND
SALVE - IT WAS EASY!

DID YA
HEAR
IN THAT COUPON SO WE
CAN EARN SOME SWELL
PREMIUMS TOO!



FLASH

-FLASH

<p

CHARLIE CHAN

APPEARS NEW SECURITY CHECK
NEEDED FOR EMPLOYEES OF
MUSEUM! PERHAPS ONE FLY
GET THROUGH SCREENING,
BUT ONE FLY CAN OPEN
DOOR FOR MANY!

BY THE
TIME YOU
REPORT
THAT, BUB,
IT WON'T
MATTER!

ANOTHER THING, YOU'RE
NOT BUNDLED UP,
BECAUSE YOU'RE NOT
GOING TO PUT THE
FINGER ON US OR
OUR HIDE-OUT!

TEN FINGERS
HAVE THIRTY
JOINTS. POINT
MANY
WAYS!



A SHORT TIME LATER...

SO! THE GREAT CHARLIE
CHAN! SEEMS AS IF
YOU'RE NOT SO SMART
AFTER ALL! JUST PART
OF DECADENT CIVILIZATION!
LOOKS LIKE
WE'LL HAVE THE
LAST LAUGH,
CHAN!

OLD SAYING:
"WHO LAUGHS
LAST, SLOW
TO GET
JOKE!"

WELL, THIS IS NO
JOKE! KNOW
WHAT THIS IS?
IT'S AN ATOMIC
TIME BOMB!
SET FOR THREE
OCLOCK TOMORROW
AFTERNOON.
POWERFUL
ENOUGH TO
WRECK A
WHOLE BUILDING
LIKE THE CITY
MUSEUM...

JOMORROW, YOU'LL BE
TAKEN TO THE MUSEUM
AT EXACTLY TEN MIN-
UTES BEFORE THREE!
YOU'LL HAVE JUST
TEN MINUTES TO
GET THE FILM
AND GIVE IT

TO OUR
AGENT,
WHO WILL
MAKE
HIMSELF
KNOWN
TO
YOU!



THE BOMB WILL BLOW
THE PLACE APART! LOTS
OF VISITORS THERE, TOO,
AT THREE OCLOCK!
BESIDES, WE'RE
KEEPING YOUR SON
AS HOSTAGE, TO
GUARANTEE YOUR
PERFORMANCE!

ALL AGES IN
ENEMY HAND,
PERHAPS ENEMY
WILL OVERPLAY
SAME!



CHARLIE CHAN

"YOU BETTER GET SOME SLEEP, CHAN! BIG DAY COMING UP! AND DON'T TRY TO ESCAPE! THERE ARE NO WINDOWS, AND THE DOORS ARE GUARDED!"

OLD CHINESE PROVERB
SAYS THAT
ONE DOES NOT
CHANGE THE
TRENDS OF
ONE'S FATE!

LATER... WHAT'LL WE DO, POP? IT'S THREE A.M. -- ONLY TWELVE HOURS, YOU CAN'T LET 'EM DO IT!

WHEN NO SOLUTION,
BEST WE DO IS
SLEEP AND RE-
FRESH BRAIN
CELLS!



NEXT DAY... KITTENS BORN IN OVEN STILL KITTENS, NOT BISCUITS! TYRANNY ANYWHERE STILL TYRANNY, NOT DEMOCRACY!

DON'T FORGET, THERE WILL BE ONLY TEN MINUTES TO GET THAT FILM-- ALSO, WE'LL BE HOLDING YOUR SON HOSTAGE, IN CASE YOU SLIP UP. REMEMBER THAT!

J ENEMY BELIEVE THERE IS CHANCE FOR THIS HUMBLE ONE TO FOR- GET?

CHARLIE CHAN GOES DI-
RECTLY TO A TELEPHONE
BOOTH IN THE MUSEUM
LOBBY...

BIRMINGHAM... EMERGENCY.
TWO THINGS: FIRST,
TELL POLICE HURRY
HERE, EGYPTIAN
ROOM, CITY MUSEUM!
SECOND, TELL MORE
POLICE GO TO
FOLLOWING
ADDRESS...



CHARLIE CHAN

AND, A SHORT TIME LATER, ACROSS TOWN...



MEANWHILE, AT THE MUSEUM...



THERE THEY ARE,
MR. CHAN!
WHAT DO
YOU
SUGGEST?

ONE THING
TO DO:
LOOK
FOR
RIGHT
JAR!

IT'S ONE MINUTE
TO THREE! I'M
GETTING OUT
OF HERE, FAST,
WHILE I'M STILL
IN ONE PIECE!

HOLD
IT
YOU!
NOT
SO
FAST!

B-B-BUT
THE
BOMB!
IT'LL
GO
OFF!!

THOUGHT TIME WOULD
EXPOSE TRAITOR!
ONE FLY IN
FLYTRAP!



LATER, THE ARRIVAL OF THE BOMB SQUAD...

OKAY, I'VE DETACHED THE
BOMB MECHANISM! IT'S
HARMLESS! BUT SAY, IT'S
ALREADY 3:30! MUST
HAVE BEEN A FAKE!

NO
FAKE...



... LAST NIGHT SAW CLOCK ENEMY USED
IN HIDEOUT STILL **ON STANDARD
TIME**, LIKE THIS HUMBLE ONE'S
WATCH! TODAY START **DAYLIGHT
SAVING TIME**, SO SET BOTH
AHEAD ONE HOUR! BOMB STILL
SET ON STANDARD TIME!

POP! I'M
FREE!



THE END

CHARLIE CHAN

WILBUR THE WAITER

A FULL MEAL



CHARLIE CHAN

It is written in ancient book of wisdom that...

CROOKED TRAIL TO WEALTH
LEADS ONLY TO...

FOOL'S GOLD



I GUESS OLD PETE CAN BE GLAD WE WERE GIVEN THAT RIDE BACK IN THE TRUCK! IT'S SURE RELIEVED HIM FROM HAVING TO TRUDGE OUT TO THE MINE TO GUIDE US BACK!

IF ELDEST SON WILL USE EYES HE WILL SEE THAT OLD PETE GONE ON LONGER JOURNEY--TO JOIN ANCESTORS!



THIS ROAD'S SURE ROUGH ON YOUR TIRES, MR. CHAN. THERE IS PETE ROSS AT GLAD WE'RE AT THE END OF THE LINE!

AGREE, BIRMINGHAM, LOOKS ANCIENT AND AGELESS AS USUAL. HAVE KNOWN MANY YEARS, WILL BE MOST RELIABLE GUIDE.



WELL, DAD BURN IT, IF IT AIN'T CHARLIE CHAN! WHAT IN THUNDERATION BRINGS YUH UP IN THESE HERE HILLS?

NEED HONORABLE PETE'S EXPERT GUIDANCE IN FINDING CERTAIN URANIUM MINING OPERATION. HAVE ACCEPTED STOCK IN URANIUM MINE IN PAYMENT FOR RECENT EFFORTS OF THIS HUMBLE ONE. HAVE DESIRE ONLY TO KNOW IF VALUE RECEIVED HAS ANY VALUE.



CHARLIE CHAN

NIX ON THAT YEW-BAIN-ILM STUFF! BUT, CHARLIE, I GOT A GOLD MINE WORTH A MILLION! I'LL SHOW YUH, ON'Y YOU, THOUGH! I'M SORT OF KEEPIN' A SURE NUMBER IT QUIET.'

ONE SON WILL RESTRAIN CURIOSITY AND REMAIN WITH BIRMINGHAM.

WELL, HOW DO YOU LIKE THAT, BIRMINGHAM? WE'RE NOT GOOD ENOUGH TO BE LET IN ON THE SECRET!

I RECKON YOU'D BETTER LEAVE IT UP TO YOUR POP, MISTER JIMMY. HE GENERALLY KNOWS WHAT HE'S DOING!

LATER...

NEVER MIND THAT CLACKIN MACHINE, CHARLIE! I'LL HIT A RICH VEIN MY OWN WAY. DAD BLAST IT, TURNED DOWN TEN THOUSAND FER THE MINE LAST WEEK! GOT ENOUGH CASH HID IN THE CABIN TUH KEEP ME TILL I STRIKE RICH, AM GLAD TOO! FOR OLD FRIEND!



CHARLIE CHAN

NEXT DAY...

WHEW! GOLLY,
PETE. HOW MUCH
FARTHER? MY
FEET ARE KILL-
ING ME!

SHUCKS, HARDLY
NOTHING. MAYBE
FIVE OR SIX
MILES. OUGHT
TUH MAKE IT
BY SUN-
DOWN.

EH? BELIEVE
TODAY'S
ENTHUSIASM
OVER VALUE OF
FEW MUCH
LESS THAN
YESTERDAY'S.

LATE AFTERNOON

WELL, HERE
WE ARE! I
DON'T EVER
WANT TO
WALK AGAIN!

OBSERVE TRUCKS,
PLEASE. MUST BE
ROAD BUILT TO
THIS PLACE!

SHORE THERE'S
A ROAD, CHARLIE.
BUT I BRING YUH
BY A SHORT-
CUT!

THE PARTY APPROACHES THE OFFICE...

ANNOUNCING ONE CHAN AND
ELDEST SON AND CHAUFFEUR,
INTERESTED IN MINING
OPERATIONS!

OF COURSE, CHAN!
I'M VINCENT SANDS,
PRESIDENT OF THE
COMPANY. SOME OF
OUR STOCK WAS RE-
CENTLY TRANSFERRED
TO YOUR NAME! WELCOME!

NONSENSE, OLD
TIMER. I'LL DRIVE
THEM ALL BACK IN
ONE OF THE
TRUCKS.

TWO DAYS LATER...

THIS HUMBLE ONE IS
THANKFUL FOR
COURTESIES OF HONOR-
ABLE PRESIDENT. ALSO
HIGHLY CONFIDENT OF
SUCCESS OF ENTERPRISE.

IT'S BEEN A
PLEASURE, CHAN.
SORRY THE OLD
FELLOW WOULDN'T
STAY, BUT I GUESS
SOURDOUGHS ARE
ALL ALIKE, SO
LONG...

INSIDE...

GOLLY, POP! OLD
PETE DEAD! AND LOOK
AT THIS! A NOTE LEFT ON
THE TABLE!

SUGGEST
BIRMINGHAM
DRIVE TO TOWN
FOR SHERIFF AT
ONCE. ELDEST SON
WILL READ NOTE
ALOUD, PLEASE?

CHARLIE CHAN

IT SAYS: "MANUEL SHOT ME! CAUGHT HIM STEALING SUPPLIES..."

CASH BOX ALSO EMPTY. BEST WE LOOK. PERHAPS FIND MORE TAKEN.



AN HOUR LATER...

UNHAPPY EVENT END PLEASANT SOJOURN. RELIEVED AT ARRIVAL OF HONORABLE SHERIFF.

YOUR MAN'S BEEN FILLING ME IN WITH THE DETAILS. MR. CHAN LOOKS AS IF WE MAY HAVE A BREAK. WE'LL GO OUTSIDE WHEN I'VE HAD A LOOK AROUND.



OUTSIDE...

LOOK HERE, MR. CHAN. A DEAD GIVE AWAY. THE KILLER SEEMS TO HAVE STOLEN SOME SUPPLIES AND IT'S MY GUESS THAT TRAIL OF FLOUR 'LL HANG MANUEL IF THE NOTE DOESN'T.

IN OWN HUMBLE OPINION CONCLUSIONS COME BEST AT END OF TRAIL.



I GUESS THAT PUTS THE CLAMPS ON THE CASE, MR. CHAN. THE FLOUR TRAIL LEADS STRAIGHT TO THE SHACK WHERE MANUEL LIVES!

PERHAPS ALSO FIND CASH HIDDEN WITH FLOUR.



AND LOOK AT THIS, WILL YOU? RIGHT TO THE SHED WHERE THE LOOT IS STORED!

YOUNG MAN MOST STUPID TO LEAVE PERISHABLE FOOD EXPOSED TO WEATHER IN OPEN SHED. FLOUR SOON MAKE PASTE IN RAIN!



DOUBLY STUPID BOY TO HIDE MONEY WHERE SO EASY FOR ANYONE TO FIND.

THAT'S ENOUGH FOR ME. I'M TAKING MANUEL IN RIGHT NOW!



Now! The Amazing Facts about

BALDNESS

...AND WHAT YOU CAN DO ABOUT IT



The following facts are brought to the attention of the public because of a widespread belief that nothing can be done about hair loss. This belief has no basis in medical fact. Worse, it has condemned many men and women to needless baldness by their neglect to treat certain accepted causes of hair loss.

There are six principal types of hair loss, or *alopecia*, as it is known in medical terms:

1. Alopecia from diseases of the scalp
2. Alopecia from other diseases or from an improper functioning of the body
3. Alopecia of the aged (senile baldness)
4. Alopecia areata (loss of hair patches)
5. Alopecia of the young (premature baldness)
6. Alopecia at birth (congenital baldness)

Senile, premature and congenital alopecia cannot be helped by anything now known to modern science. Alopecia from improper functioning of the body requires the advice and treatment of your family physician.

BUT MANY MEDICAL AUTHORITIES NOW BELIEVE A SPECIFIC SCALP DISEASE IS THE MOST COMMON CAUSE OF HAIR LOSS.

This disease is called Seborrhea and can be broadly classified into two clinical forms with the following symptoms:

1. DRY SEBORRHEA: The hair is dry, lifeless, and without gloss. A dry flaky dandruff is usually present with accompanying itchiness. Hair loss is considerable and increases with the progress of this disease.

2. OILY SEBORRHEA: The hair and scalp are oily and greasy. The hair is slightly sticky to the touch and has a tendency to mat together. Dandruff takes the form of head scales. Scalp is usually itchy. Hair loss is severe with baldness as the end result.

Many doctors agree that to NEGLECT these symptoms of DRY and OILY SEBORRHEA is to INVITE BALDNESS.

Seborrhea is believed to be caused by three germ organisms — staphylococcus albus, pityrosporum ovale, and acnes bacillus.

These germs attack the sebaceous gland causing an abnormal working of this fat gland. The hair follicle, completely surrounded by the enlarged diseased sebaceous gland, then begins to atrophy. The hair produced becomes smaller and smaller until the hair follicle dies. Baldness is the inevitable result. (See illustration.)

But seborrhea can be controlled, particularly in its early stages. The three germ organisms believed to cause seborrhea, can and should be eliminated before they destroy your normal hair growth.

A post-war development, Comate Medicinal Formula kills these three germ organisms on contact. Proof of Comate's germ-killing properties has been demonstrated in laboratory tests recently conducted by one of the leading testing laboratories in America. (Complete report on file and copies are available on request.)

When used as directed, Comate Medicinal Formula controls seborrhea—stimulates the flow of blood to the scalp—helps stop scalp itch and burn—improves the appearance of your hair and scalp—helps STOP HAIR LOSS due to seborrhea. Your hair looks more attractive and alive.

You may safely follow the example of thousands who first were skeptical, then curious, and finally decided to avail themselves of Comate Medicinal Formula.

A Few of the Many Grateful Expressions By Users of Comate Medicinal Formula

"My hair was coming out for years and I tried everything. Nothing stopped it until I tried Comate. Now my hair has stopped coming out. It looks so much thicker. My friends have noticed my hair and they all say it looks so much better." —Mrs. R.E.J., Stevenson, Ala.

"Your hair formula got rid of my dandruff; my head does not itch any more. I think it is the best of all the formulas I have used." —E.E., Hamilton, Ohio.

"Your formula is everything you claim it to be and the first 10 days I had freed myself of a very bad case of dry seborrhea." —J.E.M., Long Beach, Calif.

"I do want to say that just within five days I have obtained a great improvement in my hair. I do want to thank you and the Comate Laboratories for producing such a wonderful and amazing formula." —M.M., Johnston, Pa.

"I have found almost instant relief. My itching has stopped with one application." —J.N., Stockton, Calif.

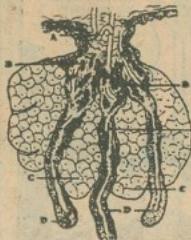
"My hair looks thicker, not falling out like it used to. Will not be without Comate in the house." —R.W., Lonsdale, R. I.

"I haven't had any trouble with dandruff since I started using Comate." —L.W.W., Galveston, Tex.

"This formula is everything if not more than you say it is. I am very happy with what it's doing for my hair." —T.J., Las Cruces, New Mexico

"I find it stops the itch and retards the hair fall. I am thankful for it and it is giving me no regard to the terrible itchiness." —B.L., Philadelphia, Pa.

"The bottle of Comate I got from you has done my hair so much good. My hair has been coming out and breaking off for about 21 years. It has improved so much." —Mrs. J.E., Lisbon, Ga.



DESTRUCTION OF HAIR FOLLICLES
Caused By Seborrhea

A - Dead hairs; B - Hair-destroying bacteria; C - Hyperplastered sebaceous glands; D - Atrophic follicles.

Today these benefits are available to you just as they were to these sincere men and women when they first read about Comate. If your hair is thinning, over-dry or over-oily—if you are troubled with dandruff with increasing hair loss—you may well be guided by the laboratory tests and the experience of thousands of grateful men and women.

Remember, if your hair loss is due to Seborrhea, Comate CAN and MUST help you. If it is due to causes beyond the reach of Comate Medicinal Formula, you have nothing to lose because our GUARANTY POLICY assures the return of your money unless delighted. So why delay when that delay may cause irreparable damage to your hair and scalp. Just mail the coupon below.

© 1950 Comate Laboratories Inc., 18 West 45 Street, N.Y. 36, N.Y.

COMATE LABORATORIES INC., DEPT. 6011K 18 West 45 Street, N.Y. 36, N.Y.

Please rush my bottle (30-days supply) of Comate Hair and Scalp Formula in plain wrapper. I must be completely satisfied or you guarantee refund of my money upon return of bottle and unused portion.

Enclosed find \$5.00, Send postpaid. (Check, cash, money order.)

Send C.O.D. I will pay postman \$5.00 plus postal charges.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ Zone _____ State _____

APO, FPO, Canada and Foreign—No C.O.D.'s

CHARLIE CHAN

THE SHERIFF LEADS THE WAY TO MANUEL'S SHACK...

GET YOUR CLOTHES ON, MANUEL. YOU'RE WANTED FOR THE MURDER OF PETE ROSS!

NO, NO! SENOR SHEREEF EES WRONG! I AM SEEK EN BED WEETH STOMACH ACHE! TREE DAY I AM SEEK!

BUT, SENOR SHEREEF! I DED NOT KEEL OLD MAN! I DEED NOT ROB HEEM! I KNOW NOTHING!

YOU'LL KNOW PLENTY WHEN THE JURY FINDS YOU GUILTY. MEANWHILE YOU'LL BE SAFE THERE!



HALF AN HOUR LATER...

YES, HERE'S A RECORD OF THE TRANSACTION. PETE ROSS SOLD HIS MINE LAST WEEK TO ARNOLD FIERCE. JUST WENT ON RECORD YESTERDAY.

HE'S A WEALTHY MAN MR. CHAN. HE'S DOING A LOT OF MINING AROUND HERE.

COULD SEE THIS PERSON PLEASE?



AT THE HOME OF ARNOLD FIERCE.

I'M MIGHTY SORRY TO LEARN THE OLD MAN'S DEAD, SHERIFF. I JUST BOUGHT HIS MINE!

STRANGE. WAS OF OPINION VENERABLE PETE DID NOT DESIRE TO SELL MINE.



HE HELD OUT SO LONG, HE DIDN'T WANT TO ADVERTISE HE'D CHANGED HIS MIND I'LL SHOW YOU THE DEED. GOT IT RIGHT HERE.

THIS HUMBLE PERSON IS OBLIGED FOR COURTESY.



CHARLIE CHAN



THE END

CHARLIE CHAN

COLOR BLIND



RIDING back to the city from the Big House, Slip Ferran shuddered. He fingered the ten dollar bill the State had given him as a farewell present. Then he thought of something pleasant. He thought of Sam Shippick's specialty store. Once he'd seen Sam, there would be plenty more of the tenners. The train, rocking gently, started a stream of thought through his mind. Then he read the day-old paper again and smiled.

Sam dealt in everything needed by the well equipped crook. And Sam asked no questions. He didn't even ask for money. That came out of the proceeds of the first job.

Getting off the train at his appointed station, Slip fingered his parole slip. He took a small furnished room and dutifully dropped over to the familiar precinct. He asked for Detective Brens.

The desk sergeant jerked a thumb down a corridor. Slip lit a cigarette and wondered if Brens had put on any weight since sending him to the Big House four years before.

Brens had. Brens waved Slip to a chair.

"The warden phoned me when you left, Slip," he said. "Glad to see you. I was afraid for awhile you wouldn't bother reporting to the precinct."

"I'm not a fool, Brens," Slip said.

"Matter of opinion," Brens said humorlessly. "Down to your last dime?"

"That's my business," Slip said, with asperity.

"It's mine," Brens replied. "From now until your parole runs out." His eyes narrowed. "Slip, you've never reformed. Maybe you never will. But maybe, if you had a job . . ."

Slip shuddered.

"If you had a job," Brens continued relentlessly. "Nothing too heavy and maybe paying well, you might avoid the temptation to steal the Star of Egypt." He waved a clipping in front of Slip "It's a big ruby in an ancient oriental crown. It's just arrived in this country for exhibition before it's broken down for sale."

Slip shook his head indignantly.

"Never heard of it," he said. "Besides I never slipped a gem in my life. Maybe a couple of strong-boxes, but that's all."

"That's just what I'm talking about, Slip," Brens said. He stood up in token of dismissal.

"Safes, boxes, anything you can break into. What difference does it make what you pick up after that—jewels or gimcracks, furs or fishing rods. All of it can be melted down into cash." He glanced sharply at the aging crook. "The Star of Egypt is a heavy stone, heavy enough for a millstone, Slip. Take my advice. Don't hang it round your neck."

Slip nodded and said goodbye. Outside he walked a bit, got his own copy of the identical clipping Brens had produced out of his vest pocket and shredded it carefully. He knew all the details now, anyway. Then he took a taxi to Sam Shippick's.

Sam recognized him the instant Slip walked in. He read off a list of stuff he needed, including new clothes. Sam pointed to a back room. When Slip had finished with Sam's tailors, he came out carrying a box with the new clothes in it. Sam handed him a tiny case of delicate burglar tools.

"Big job?" he inquired mildly. "Need any help?"

"I'll need somebody," Slip said.

Sam wrote something on a slip of paper. He shoved it over to Slip. Slip filled in a few lines. Sam glanced at them.

"He'll be there," Sam said. "Luck."

"Luck," Slip said briefly. He went home and began making preparations. Brens, if he expected him to go for the Star at all, would never expect Slip to move so quickly. He'd expect Slip to wait for a day or two. Slip planned to surprise him. He'd snatch the Star of Egypt that very night. Then a fast trip to a fence and a faster trip out of the city. Planes would get him forever out of Brens' reach.

On the way to the warehouse where the crown was kept after exhibition hours, Slip thought of Brens. He'd be fit to be tied. He glanced behind him. All clear. He got out of the cab a block from the place. He noticed a shadow detach itself from the appointed spot and move toward him as he came up. Slip nodded. The man nodded back. Slip beckoned and the other casually fell in step behind him.

Slip's step was characteristically cat like as he skirted the rear of the place. A thousand and one traps might be lying in wait. Some of them might even be alive—cops. It was a

CHARLIE CHAN

thrilling challenge to an operator like Slip. He opened the first door effortlessly with his tiny kit.

Behind him, Sam Shippick's man came in silently. Slip stopped a few times to examine wires. His judgment was acute. Some he cut, others he short-circuited. In ten minutes he knew he'd shorted every burglar alarm in the building.

"Duck!" the man behind him suddenly whispered, nervously. Slip backed against the wall of the corridor. Ahead of them a step sounded. A watchman came out of a doorway on his rounds. He passed them within inches. Slip breathed as the footsteps died away. He grinned in the dark. They headed straight for the jewel vaults.

The watchman came out suddenly in front of Slip. He was swinging.

"Wha . . ." Slip's heart seemed to stick in his throat. The watchman struck, one big fist smashing into Slip's nose. Slip's head wobbled but it quickly cleared. The watchman drew back for another smash. Then Slip's expert right came up from the ground. It drove like a rocket and exploded against the watchman's chin.

"Too bad you didn't cushion it for me," Slip said to the man behind him. "You're being paid for it." He rubbed his fist triumphantly. "Got to save my fingers for more delicate work," he chuckled.

The other grunted.

Slip knew the toughest part was over. Opening a safe was child's play for him. With the keys at the watchman's belt, they didn't have to bust open the door into the jewel vaults. Slip went down the line of steel, hinged slabs alphabetically. When he came to the one he wanted, he almost laughed out loud. Nothing could pierce that steel but brains. And he had the brains.

He got out a tiny stethoscope, placed it against the combination lock and started playing with the tumblers. A few minutes and he pulled sharply on the handle. The door swung open. Slip took out the crown. It was cold, chilling to the touch.

The other man suddenly stiffened. Slip went rigid. A door seemed to creak outside, down the corridor. Slip moved as swiftly as a snake. He felt round the crown until his sensitive fingers found the great jewel atop its apex. He wrenched it loose. One flash of the tiny light showed him it was the ruby. He slammed the crown back, closed the safe door and nimbly dropped the ruby into his partner's overcoat pocket. He'd collect it later, at Sam's.

Slip's heart pounded. He'd got his hands on a quarter of a million bucks—tax free. In the midst of danger he chuckled. Then came

a rush of feet down the corridor, the sound of voices. Slip whispered the rendezvous at Sam's, then a few instructions.

The pair divided in the darkness like two blades of a scissos. Slip went down a back flight of stairs as silently as a cat. He gained the ground floor in split seconds. Already he was bored. Escape would be so easy. And Sam Shippick's man must have reached safety. Slip had let him take the way of guaranteed escape. He stepped into the darkened street just off an alley.

A light blazed suddenly in his face. Brens got out of the waiting police car.

"Embarrassed, Slip?" Brens asked.

Slip smiled. His nerves were steady. At most they'd get him for loitering, stepping into a doorway to light a match.

"Just walking by," he explained. "You won't find anything on me, Brens."

Brens didn't. The detective frowned.

Cops poured out of the building. They seemed to be bringing Sam Shippick's man with them. Slip was still steady. He knew the Star was on the other. The accomplice put his hand in his coat pocket and gave Brens a big red stone.

"He dropped it in my pocket when the cops busted in," the man said.

Slip stared, white as a sheet. Brens smiled grimly.

"The guy Sam sent over was too early," Brens said. "The cop on the beat spotted him loitering and he told us the whole story—that he was waiting for you." Handcuffs clicked on Slip.

"In the meantime," Brens continued, "the cop got the owner of a cigar store around the corner that was closing to stand in for Shippick's man—and meet you." He paused. "We're picking up Sam, too."

SLIP sighed. "At least, back in the Big House, they'll point me out as the guy who stole the Star of Egypt—or almost."

"Not even almost," Brens said, holding up the red stone. "You got flustered when the boys came in. You thought the Star was the blockbuster in the top of the crown, just because it was big and red."

"In fact," Brens continued, "the real Star is a rare, smaller ruby stone, set in a circle of others on the side of the crown. This thing is just a great big red spinel worth about ten bucks. Even experts have trouble telling them apart from rubies, and . . ."

Brens stopped. One of the cops caught Slip just before he hit the sidewalk backwards. He'd fainted dead away.

THE END

CHARLIE CHAN

FLANAGAN'S BANK

THEY SAY THAT THE CRIMINAL ALWAYS RETURNS TO THE SCENE OF HIS CRIME -- BUT ARTIE FLANAGAN WENT THAT ONE BETTER WHEN HE RETURNED TO THE SCENE AND COMMITTED THE SAME CRIME ALL OVER AGAIN-- BUT HIS THIRD VISIT TO THE FARMER'S TRUST COMPANY PROVED TO BE ONE TOO MANY!



TWO WEEKS EARLIER, ARTIE FLANAGAN AND ROSIE MOORE FIRST MADE THEIR PLANS FOR ROBBING THE FARMER'S TRUST COMPANY...



LOOK AT ALL THAT BEAUTIFUL LETTUCE! I HEAR LETTUCE IS GOOD FOR YOU TOO!



CHARLIE CHAN

IT WAS A WEEK BEFORE THEY'D CASED THE BANK ENOUGH TO MAKE THEIR MOVE. THEN...

YOU COVER ME,
ROSIE! I'LL PICK
UP THE CASH!



FLANAGAN AND MOORE GOT
FORTY ONE THOUSAND
DOLLARS AND MADE A CLEAN
GETAWAY...

GET BACK INSIDE!
ANYONE WHO TRIES
TO STOP US WILL
GET HURT!



DON'T MOVE OR WE
START BLASTIN'. KEEP
YOUR FEET AWAY FROM
ANY CONCEALED
ALARMS!



IS THIS ALL YOU
GOT? IF YOU'RE
HOLDIN' OUT, MAC,
YOU'RE ASKING
FOR TROUBLE!



YOU'VE GOT A
GUN, MISTER,
I'M NOT
CRAZY
ABOUT DYING!

MAN, WHAT A HAUL! I CAN'T
WAIT TO COUNT IT.

THEY ROLLED OVER REAL NICE,
ARTIE! WE'LL DUMP THIS HOT
CAR AND SWITCH TO OUR
OTHER HEAP IN A MOMENT!



BOTH WERE HAPPY... TILL THEY SAW THE PAPER THAT NIGHT...

THAT PUNK HELD OUT ON US!
I HAVE A GOOD NOTION TO
GO BACK AND...
HEY, THAT'S NOT
A BAD IDEA!



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LOSE WEIGHT

Where
It
Shows
Most

REDUCE

MOST ANY
PART OF
THE
BODY WITH

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Don't Stay FAT

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FREE

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WE'LL JUST GO BACK TO THE FARMER'S TRUST IN THE MORNING AND GET THAT OTHER HUNDRED GRAND!

NOW I KNOW YOU'RE NUTS! WE'D GET CAUGHT FOR SURE!

IT'S BEAUTIFUL, ROSIE! LOOK AT IT! HOW'D YOU LIKE TO HAVE ONE HUNDRED GEES MORE?

I'M ALMOST CONVINCED! TWIST MY ARM ONE MORE TIME!



THE TWO HOODLUMS HAD ALREADY CASED THE BANK. ONE QUICK LOOK THE NEXT MORNING WAS ALL THEY NEEDED FOR THE SECOND TRY...



CHARLIE CHAN

YOU DON'T
NEED TO
COME IN--
I'LL GIVE
YOU THE
MONEY!

LIKE YOU
DID YESTER-
DAY, BRIGHT
BOY? JUST
DO AS I SAY,
DON'T BE SO
HELPFUL!

YOU COULD'A SAVED US
BOTH A LOT OF TROUBLE!
IF YOU GET HURT TODAY,
IT'S YOUR OWN
FAULT!

THE EXPERIENCED THIEVES
MOVED SWIFTLY...

CHECK OUTSIDE,
ROSIE! WE'RE
THROUGH IN
HERE!

LOOKS
CLEAR,
ART--LET'S
ROLL!



CHARLIE CHAN



CHARLIE CHAN

THEY'RE GOING TO
CRASH! RIGHT INTO
THE BANK!

THE ESCAPE CAR DROVE
THROUGH THE BRONZE DOORS
OF THE BANK. BOTH MEN
WERE UNHURT...

DROP THE GUN,
FLANAGAN! YOU'RE
NOT GETTING AWAY
THIS TIME!

WE'RE
NOT
THROUGH
YET!

I'VE HAD ABOUT
ENOUGH, MISTER!
YOU PUNKS WENT
TOO FAR THIS
TIME!

GET OUT
OF...

HOLD TIGHT!
WE'RE GONNA
HIT...

POLICE

GET YOUR HANDS
UP! THIS IS THE
LAST JOB YOU'LL
PULL FOR A
LONG TIME.

TAKE IT EASY,
SLUGGER! I'M
NOT PUTTIN' UP
A FIGHT.



SO
FLANAGAN'S
THIRD
INVOLUNTARY,
VISIT
TO THE
FARMER'S
TRUST
WAS
ONE
TOO
MANY...

NICE WORK, HANK!
YOU SURE PACK A
WALLOP!

THEY GOT ME A LITTLE MAD! ONE
HOLD-UP WAS BAD ENOUGH, THEN
THEY CAME BACK AGAIN --
THREE TIMES KIND OF ANNOYED
ME A LITTLE!



THE END

CHARLIE CHAN

Chinese Proverb Say ... "OLD MAN CANNOT TURN BACK
HAND OF TIME! HE WHO TRIES, ONLY SLASHES SELF
BADLY--AND MUST PAY... THE PENALTY"



CHARLIE CHAN



CHARLIE CHAN

MOST UNPLEASANT TASK FACES US! MUST QUESTION ALL PEOPLE CLOSE TO DEAD MAN. YOU, SIR, ARE OWNER OF CIRCUS! YOU CAN HELP ME WITH FEW FACTS, PERHAPS!



BUT EVERYBODY LIKED BARO!
I CAN'T...

WHY DON'T YOU TELL THE TRUTH, MR. PATTERSON?



BARO AND HIS KID BROTHER, STEVE, HAD BEEN GOING AT EACH OTHER LIKE CATS AND DOGS FOR A FEW WEEKS. BOTH OF THEM WERE NUTS ABOUT YOUR DAUGHTER, MR. PATERSON, AND SHE JUST ANNOUNCED HER ENGAGEMENT TO BARO YESTERDAY!

MAN WITH CLOWN MAKE-UP SUGGESTS THEN THAT JEALOUSY WAS MOTIVE?



DON'T LISTEN TO HIM, MR. CHAN! WHOEVER HEARD OF ONE BROTHER KILLING ANOTHER?

SAD FACT IS THAT IT HAS BEEN DONE! MAN NAMED CAIN DID SAME TO BROTHER, ABEL, MANY YEARS AGO!



MAY I SUGGEST NOW THAT BARO'S BROTHER BE WATCHED CLOSELY WHILE WE SEARCH HIS QUARTERS?



POP... LOOK WHAT I'VE FOUND! ILLUSTRIOUS SON HAS UNCOVERED MOST IMPORTANT CLUE! VIAL IS LABELLED: PRUSSIC ACID!

WHAT?



CHARLIE CHAN



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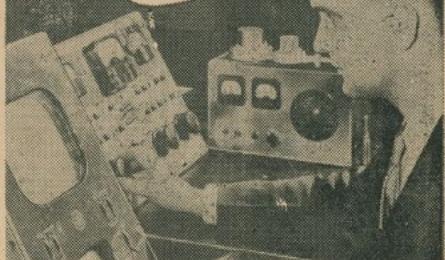
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SET

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Rush your name and address
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ONCE, REPAID your first
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When you have sold the 24
Mottoes, send the 24 Mottoes
you have collected and you can
have secured your choice of many
wonderful prizes. If you prefer
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86.00 and keep \$2.40. Hurry,
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ON TRUST and big PRIZE
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